

exclaimed Hester's mother, looking at her little daughter very much astonished.

"Ain't his food fixed right, Hester?" asked Mary. "I'm sure I did it just as Mrs. Horn told me. And your own mother has cut up his steak!"

"Oh, yes, Billy's food is all right," said Hester. "It isn't his food, at all. It's that Billy don't like to be talked to in good grammar!"

"In good grammar, did you say?" screamed Mary, bursting into a merry laugh at the ridiculous idea.

And Mr. Symonds was obliged to laugh outright, too.

Little Hester Henry did not see very much to laugh at. She couldn't feel quite sure whether the big folks were laughing at her or at Billy. She thought she would make her meaning a little plainer. "It is that Billy don't like people to talk too proper too him," she went on. "Mis' Horn, she don't talk proper to him like he was grown up. This is the way Mis' Horn talks to him:

"Nice little wootsie Billy, eat him b'ekfast! Turn, Billy, doggie. Him woodest doggie as ever was!"

Such a soothing, coaxing, ingratiating speech as it was, in tones like Mrs. Horn's own.

In an instant Billy's eyes grew bright, and his tail wagged so hard that his hind legs moved with the tail.

"See!" said Hester, her little face all aglow with excitement and happiness, as she rose to her feet. "Billy understands! That's what he wanted! Don't you see?"

And the naughty Billy wrinkled up his nose, which was his way of smiling, and came forward and proceeded to eat his breakfast like a good and contented dog.—Little Folks.

Edwin, aged four, owned a picture-book, in which a fierce-looking cow was running after a small boy. He looked at it a long time, then carefully closing the book he laid it away. A few days later he got the book again, and turned to the picture. Bringing his chubby fist down on the cow, he exclaimed in a tone of triumph, "She ain't caught him yet!"—The Delineator.

Our Wee Little Ones

A SURPRISE.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl ten years old. I go to school and am in the fifth grade. My teacher is Miss Gilliam, of Farmville. I got the prize for the most headmarks, which was a beautiful little pin. Papa takes your paper and I am very fond of reading the lovely poems. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. My teacher is Dr. Madox. I go to church with papa. Rev. Thos. Mowbray is our pastor. Hoping to see my letter in print, as I want to surprise mamma and papa,

Your little friend,
Anne Speller.

Fincastle, Va.

THE CATECHISM.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl eight years old. I go to Sunday-school and study the Child's Catechism. Mrs. Will A. McCord is my teacher, she has been teaching the Child's Catechism class for nine years. My pastor is Rev. T. D. Cartledge, we like him very much. I hope to see my letter in print as I want to surprise my papa, mamma, and my teacher.

Your unknown friend,
Laura Allen Crawford.

Hodges, S. C.

JUMPS AFTER STICKS.

Dear Presbyterian: I thought I would write you a letter. I have two sisters named Alberta and Josephine. Josephine has a big cat for a pet. I have a large dog named Buck. He is very fond of jumping after sticks. I can hold a stick up and tell him to jump over me and he will jump as high as he can. The creek was out of its banks the other day and my dog swam across it but was almost washed down. Hope to see my letter in print.

Your unknown friend,
Carson Gallamore.

Horse Shoe, N. C.

A LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER.

Into my heart, Oh Jesus, come,
And may it now become thy home;
Cast out my sin and make me pure,
Like the boy Jesus may I be.
This is the prayer I bring to thee.

ONE AND ONE.

Two little girls are better than one,
Two little boys can double the fun,
Two little birds can build a fine nest,
Two little arms can love mother best,
Two little ponies must go to a span,
Two little pockets has my little man,
Two little eyes to open and close,
Two little ears; one little nose,
Two little elbows, dimpled and sweet,
Two little shoes, on two little feet,
Two little lips, and one little chin,
Two little cheeks with a nose shut in,
Two little shoulders, chubby and strong,
Two little legs running all the day long.

LITTLE BESS.

"There is a country o'er the sea
Where little girls, so I've been told,
Are sometimes thrown away and killed,
Or for a piece of money sold.

"I cannot understand one bit
Why dreadful things like this should
be,
But I am glad I don't live there,
Where my papa would not love me.

"He says, and I believe 'tis true,
That when he feels his thankfulness,
He puts me first of all, and says,
'Thank God for our dear little Bess!'
—Children's Missionary Friend.

"RED ROSE."

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl not quite five years old. We live in the country and go to Sunday-school at Fort Mill. Mr. Hafner is our preacher and we like him very much. I have one little sister. I have three dogs and a mule colt named Red Rose. Please do not put this in the waste basket, as I want to surprise my grandfather and grandmother.

Your little unknown friend,
Virginia H. Barber.
Fort Mill, S. C., R. F. D. 2.

RECITED TWO PIECES.

Dear Presbyterian: I am a little girl nine years old. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday at Buffalo. I have recited the Child's Catechism perfectly. My teacher's name is Mrs. Dora Flanagan. We have preaching twice a month and our pastor's name is Rev. R. J. Beattie. We had "Children's day" the second Sunday in June and I had two pieces to recite. One was in a song. Your agent, Mr. Jetton, spent the night with us June 15, and I spoke my piece for him. "A Little Girl's Story," is the name of it, and he requested me to write it to our dear paper and send my piece so all the little girls and boys could read it. Have any of the little readers of "The Presbyterian" ever seen Mr. Jetton's horse that he drives now? It is a spotted horse named Tom, and Mr. Jetton said if there was any heaven for horses, his would sure get there. I have three sisters and three brothers, all older than I. Hope my older brother will see my letter, he is in Virginia. I will close now, and if the good editor does not throw my letter in the waste basket, I will come again and tell you something about our church and the cemetery. With much love to all the little boys and girls and to our dear editor I ring off. I am, Your new friend,
Sanford, N. C. Notie B. Glass.